## FORT FRAYNE

A NOVEL-By Capt. Charles King, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTER," "A WAR-TIME WOOING." ETC.

Copyrighted, 1895, by F. Tennyson Neely. All the morning it had been threaten-

ing snow, and now it was sifting slowly presently the flakes fells thicker and thicker, and then in a dense cloud that soon shut out even the crest ahead of them. Captain Leale, a calm, thoughtful battalion commander, picked out certain level-headed sergeants and sent them, with a few men each, out to the right and left front and flank, so as to guard against surprise, and then as the men danced about in the snow and sparred or wrestled, laughingly, many were the conjectures as to the cause of the halt and delay. "What are we waiting for? Why don't we pitch in?" were the queries that passed from lip to lip, and many were the inquiring glances toward the little group of officers smoking and talking and chaffing Ormsby at the head of the column. With an Indian village barely a mile away, an Indian fight probably not an hour ahead, the Twelfth was taking things as coolly as befitted the season, and Ormsby, after looking once more to the chamber of his revolver and trying the breech block of his Springfield carbine, joined in the chat with all the coolness he could command, and strove to appear more interested in what was being said than in the immediate business at hand.

And yet when the adjutant came riding rapidly back from the ridge there was instant movement to meet him.

"What's the trouble, Jimmy?" was the query on many a tongue. "What are

"They're going regularly into campputting up their tepees," was the "It looks as though they were waiting to palaver with the pursuit. The Colonel thinks they're willing to come to terms rather than march further in such weather. I suppose the Eleventh can't be very far behind them, and as yet don't suspect we're over here at all. Luckily for us, too," said he, gravely, "for it's two to one in their favor, if I'm any judge at all."

"The devil you say! How many lodges are there?"

"Bat says nigh onto seventy, though they're not all up yet, and you can't see a thing now for the snow. The old rip must have been reinforced heavily. | to look quickly over their troops. Si-There seems to be two or three bands rolled into one. What I can't understand is how the Eleventh happens to be so far behind. We thought they were right at their heels. I hate to think how the settlers down the Dry Fork must Seen or heard anything of them or of

'Yes; two outfits passed up the valley going for all they were worth this morning. Bat and Chaska saw them from the ridge yonder to the south. The scouts say they abandoned their wagons and took to their horses."

Even as they were speaking there came indications of some unusual object off to the right rear column. One or two officers and men were seen to ride off in that direction, and were quickly swallowed up in the snow cloud. A sergeant coming up from the rear saluted Captain Leale and said: "Capt. Amory's compliments, sir; and there are some mounted men coming in who seem about played out. He thinks they're settlers seeking protection.'

And presently this proved to be the case. Out from the fleecy clouds there soon came in sight four or five horsemen slowly escorting one or two riders on broken down and exhausted quadrupeds, and there was a general move-ment on the part of half the men of the Twelfth to leave their linked horses and gather about these new arrivals. There were two men, rough-bearded, typical frontiersmen, garbed in the roughest of plains wear, men with faces so drawn and haggard with terror and suffering that they did not brighten even with the joy of reaching the protection of a strong force of cavalry. There was a third, a man heavily bearded like his associates, but with dress of costlier make, with features whose eyes, shifting, restless, filled with a dread as great as theirs, gave no symptom of reassurance. Like ship-wrecked mariners on the broad ocean, they had sought the succor of the first craft that came in sight, but even now seemed to dread the storm and no doubt the stability, the safety of the rescuing ship. "How many men have you?" they had eagerly asked, and, when told 220, had wrung their hands and implored the first rescuers not to dare confront the "They have wiped out everything in the valley below, fired every ranch, murdered every man. They've got a dozen of our women prisoners now in that very camp, and the first thing they'll do will be to butcher them if you attack. For the love of God come they implored, "and let them by. The troops in pursuit must be fifty miles behind."

Thus eagerly, incoherently, the two ranchmen said their say. The third was strangely silent, yet seemed to be full as eager to get away. What say you to this story?" asked young lieutenant who had ridden

out to bring them in. 'You'll be wiped off the face of the earth if you attack. Give us some pro-

visions-hardtack, bacon-anything, and some grain for our horses and let us go." "Well, you'll have to come in and see the commanding officer first," was the short reply. "He'll decide after hearing

"What's his name?" asked the stranger. 'Colonel Farrar."

"Farrar. Is this the Twelfth Cavalry? thought they were ordered to Ari-

'We were, but this devil's work of the ghost dance keeps us here. Now follow and we'll get you something to eat." But the stranger said that he would go no further to the front. "I'm too near that cursed band now," he protested, shaking his fist through the wintry air. "Go you, Mullen, and see

Even then it was noticed that Mullen and his friend seemed anything but cordial to their companion. "Damn him," they growled as, sullenly, they left him dismounting at the pack train. "His saddle bags are crammed with meat. He hasn't suffered. Other men stayed and fought and tried to defend Crawford's ranch and Morgan's. They are dead, poor devils, but that sneak who calls himself Graice, he only came among us six weeks ago, and if he ain't a jail bird I'm no judge. He's afraid to see your colonel, lieutenant. That's what I believe," And when Captain Leale heard their story at the head of the column he called to his orderly, mounted and rode back through the fall-

"Where is that third refugee?" he asked of the packmaster; "that man they call Graice.' "He was here just this minute, sir

He's worse scared than the others. He wants to go on. There he goes now, by God. He's lighting out by himself." Just then there came a movement along the column. Every trooper was springing to his horse. "They're mounting, sir," said the orderly. But the captain was staring fixedly after the disappearing rider, who, clapping spurs to his jaded broncho, was hurrying away. "Where on earth have I seen that form before?" said Leale to himself. "Orderly, ride after that lunatic and bring him in here. What?" he asked, turning

quickly about in his saddle as a trumpeter came trotting to his side. "Move where?"

"Off to the right, sir. The adjutant is leading the way," and, peering through the fast-falling flakes, the battalion commander saw the dim figures of the horsemen already in motion. "Come on with your packs, Harry," he called to the chief packer, "and when that fellow returns send him to the

Five minutes more and they were stumbling down into the depths of one of the deep ravines which opened out from the valley of the frozen stream to the eastward. Then, and without a word of command or a trumpet call, only the uplifted hand of the troop leaders and observant sergeants, the column halted. "Dismount" was passed in low tone from front to rear. "Silence now. No noise, men. Stand to horse" were the muttered cautions, and then once again the foremost officers gathered in

a little group about the two refugees.
"We'll fight with you gladly. Count us in," said one of them, refreshed by a long pull at Ormsby's flask. "But that sneak that slipped away would see you all in hell first. He's a fugitive in more senses than one. That man's fleeing from the law."

"How do you know? Have you any idea who he is and where he came from?" asked Captain Leale. "I didn't see his face, but somewhere before this day I've seen his back."

"I don't know him from Adam. He was on his way to the Black Hills when the Indians jumped the reservation and cut us off. He's been afraid to go ahead and afraid to go back, and he's just been staying there with us. Seemed to have plenty of money, but there ain't a white man left alive from here to the South Cheyenne now."

And then in silent respect the group opened and made way for the gray-mustached soldier who rode slowly into their midst and addressed them in low. quiet tones:

"Look to your men and horses, gentlemen. Large as that village is, I think that all the warriors are not there, and our best plan will be to attack before they can send and call in those who are watching the pursuing column. We will attack at once."

CHAPTER III.

The snow was falling now in a dense white mist, powdering beards and broadbrimmed campaign hats and silvering the dusty black of the fur caps of the men. Objects fifty feet away were invisible and all sounds muffled by the soft, fleecy blanket that everywhere covered the earth. Silently, yet with soldierly alertness, the officers hastened lently the veteran colonel turned once more to the front and rode a few yards out beyond the head of the column and sat there on his horse, a white mantled slowly falling flakes.

Leale. "He crawled out to locate the herds and pick our way. There are some cross gullies beyond that ridge and down near the village. Bat says he feels sure most of the warriors are miles away to the east, but there are enough and to spare right here.' "Is Kill Eagle still to be given a

chance to surrender?" asked Leale. "That was the understanding at one time, wasn't it?"

"That was it—yes, and Bat was to hail as soon as we deployed within striking distance. Unless some scouts or the ponies find us out we can creep up under this snow cloud to within a few yards and they'll be none the wiser. The Colonel hoped that the show of force would be ample, and that old scoundrel would throw up the sponge right here, but-I don't know," he added, doubtfully. "If only the women and children weren't in that village it would be simple enough. We could pitch in and double them up before they knew what struck them. As it is-" and here the young officer broke off with a wave of the hand that meant volumes of doubt. Then he turned and looked eastward again to where, silent and statuesque still, Colonel Farrar was

seated on old Roderick. The same thought seemed to occur to both officers at the same instant. Ormsby, once more testing the lock of that told of gentler birth than they, but his revolver and narrowly observing his new comrades, remarked it at the time and spoke of it often thereafter. "Can't you make him keep well back?"

> "Won't you remind the chief he oughtn't to be in front?" asked the ad-

> And then each shook his head as though realizing the impossibility of getting their old war horse of a colonel to take a position where he would be less exposed to the fire of the Indian marks-

> "You might give him a tip, Ormsby,' said the adjutant in the cheery confidence of the comradeship a few days' guest, not his subordinate. Tell him what the Seventh think the colonel should do," he added, with an attempt at jocularity that somehow failed to provoke a smile.

> But Ormsby in turn shook his head. "I hayen't known your colonel a week," said he, "but I've learned to know him well, and when he means to go in all you've got to do is to go too. That's what I've mapped out for myself, and doubtless so, too, have these gentlemen," he continued, indicating the two ranchmen, now eagerly fingering their Winchesters and getting ready for business. The older of the two it was who

> "No man who has been through what we have and seen the sights and heard the sounds of their raids on the ranches down the Fork would do less than thank God for a chance of meeting those brutes on anything like equal terms. My poor brother lies there, hacked and scalped and mutilated; his wife and daughter, I believe, are somewhere among those foul tepees now unless God has been merciful and let them die day before yesterday. We fought as long as there was a show, and we got away in the dark. Those poor women wouldn't leave their dead."

A tear was trickling down his cheek as he finished speaking, but his lips and jaws were firm set. "You gentlemen," he continued, "are going into this thing the colonel. Get what help you can. I'm too weak to ride until I can have something to eat."

it is to me and to young Crawford here. His old father and mother were just afterward they remembered that clear-His old father and mother were just butchered, by God-butchered, and the worst of it is that if that damned hound Graice had stood by him ten minutes he might have got them safely away. They were too old to make any time, and it was no use. That fellow's a white-livered pup, and if I ever come upon him again I'll tell him what I | the band probably are some miles away. think of him."

"I wish you had seen that fellow, Ormsby," said Leale, in a low tone. "The more I think of it the more I feel sure he had some reason for fearing to | happy captives. You all know the first meet our party here. They tell me he seemed excited and worried the moment he heard we were the Twelfth Cavalry. I only saw his back as he rode away, but I've seen that man before somewhere. He rode like a trooper, and it's

ten to one he's a deserter." "He's a deserter this day if he never was before," said Ormsby in reply. "I judge we need every man, do we not?"
"Looks like it," was the brief reply.
"All right continued." "All right, gentlemen?" he continu turning with courteous manner to the two younger officers, his first and second

blue eyes flashing, though his cheeks were pale and his lips twitching with

were pale and his lips twitching with pent-up excitement.

"I see the guidon is being unfurled, Cramer," said the Captain, quietly. "Perhaps Sergeant West wants to land it first in the village, but tell him to handle his revolver instead if we charge," and, touching his fur cap, the officer turned back. "The Colonel has said nothing about the plan of attack. We may be going to charge right in, for all I know. Ha! Ormsby, there comes the word."

comes the word.' Looming up through the snow, a young German trooper rode rapidly back toward the little group, and, reining in his horse a few yards away, true to the etiquette of the craft, threw his carbine over his shoulder and started to dismount before addressing officers afoot, but Leale checked him. "Never mind dismounting, orderly. What's the mes-

sage?"
"The Colonel's compliments, sir, and he would wish to see Captain Leale a and move slowly forward."

minute, and the command will mount Instantly the group dissolved, each offi-cer turning quickly to his horse and swinging into saddle. No trumpet sig-nal was given. "Mount," said Leale, in the same quiet, conversational tone. "Mount," repeated the first sergeant, halted alongside the leading set of fours. and, all in a few seconds, the burly forms of the riders shot up into the eddying fleece, and every horse, far back as eye could penetrate the mist, was suddenly topped by an armed rider. Then, first thing, the fur-gloved right hands went up to the shoulder and drew over the little brown carbines and drove the muzzle through its socket. Then, in the same soldierly silence, the horse men edged in toward the center of each set, and there sat, boot to boot, erect and ready. One or two spirited young horses began to paw the snow in their impatience and to snort excitedly. The adjutant trotted briskly back along the column in order to see that all four troops were similarly ready, cautioned the rearward troop leaders to keep well closed on the head of the column and signaled "Forward," while Leale disappeared in the snow clouds ahead. Not knowing what else to do, Ormsby ranged alongside the senior lieutenant of Leale's troop as in perfect silence the

column bore steadily on. A few seconds brought them in sight of the Colonel's form again, and he waved his hand cheerily as though to say, "All right lads; come on." Then, sitting Roderick as squarely as ever, the gray-mustached commander took the lead, a swarthy half-breed Sioux scout riding on one side, the grave, soldierly Captain Leale on the other. The adjutant, the chief trumpeter, sergeant major and order-lies fell in behind and the crack battalion of the old Twelfth rode noiseless ly in to take position for the attack. For perhaps a hundred yards they followed the windings of the ravine in which they had been concealed had con-

cealment been necessary. Then, turning abruptly to his left as he passed a projecting shoulder, Little Bat looked back and motioned to the Colonel, "This way." And then the leading horsemen began to ascend a gentle and almost imperceptible slope, for the snow was sifting down so thick and fast that the surface was invisible thirty feet ahead. "We might ride square in among them

at this rate." muttered the sergean

major to his friend, the chief trumpeter, "and never know it until we stumbled "How far ahead is it?" asked the lat-

"A mile, they say. We'd be deployed by this time if it were less." Less than five minutes of gradual ascent and the crest of the divide was reached, and, one after another, every horseman realized that he was then o the downward slope of the eastern side Somewhere ahead, somewhere between this ridge and its nearest neighbor lay the hostile village, all unconscious of foemen's coming, looking for disturbers as yet only from the eastern side. Old cavalrymen used to declare their horses could smell an Indian village before the sharpest eyes could "sight" it, and the packers swore the statement was true,

'if it were only made of the mule.' "The Colonel knows. He hasn't forgotten, you bet," was the comment, as again the orderly rode swiftly rearward with orders for the pack train to halt just west of the crest, and then every man seemed to know the village couldn't be far ahead, and some hands went nervously to the holster flaps, others loosened the carbines in their leather sockets and men took furtive peeps at one another's faces along the shadowy column and then at their officer, riding so confident and erect along the left flank. And still no man could see more than the depth of three sets of fours ahead. "Ain't we going to dismount and go afoot?" muttered a young recruit to his neighbor. "I thought that was the way we always did."

"Of course, when one could see to shoot and would be seen himself anywhere within five miles," was the disdainful answer. "What'd be the good of dismounting here?"

And now in places the horses plunged deeper into the snow and tossed up drifting clouds of feathery spray as the column crossed some shallow ruts in the eastward face, and then once more, snakelike, it began to twist and turn, following the track of those invisible guides, and then it seemed to take to evil courses and go spluttering down into sharp, steep-banked coulees and scrambling out again on the other side, and still the sure-footed horses tripped nimbly on, and then presently, his eyes a-twinkle, the adjutant came riding

"Just half a mile ahead, Jimmy," he murmured to the lieutenant riding in Leale's place at the head of the first "Form left front into line and halt. I'll post the other troop." Quickly the young officer reined out of to the left about. "Keep straight to your front, leading four," he cautioned. Then, barely raising his voice and dropping for the time the conventional commands of the drill book,

he rode back along the column, saying "Left front into line," until all the rearward fours were obliquing; then back to the front he trotted, halted the leading set, each of the others in succession reining in and generally aligning itself all without a sound that could be audible ten yards away. Almost at the same time the second troop headed diagonally off to the left and presently rode up into line with the first, while the third tion at troop distance in the rear. "By all that's glorious, we're going in mounted!" was the word that seemed to thrill down along the line. "Then we're not going to wait-not going to give him a chance to surrender.'

Another moment and the word was, "Hush; silence there," for, dimly seen through the drifts, the Colonel, with his afterward they remembered that clearcut, soldierly, high-bred face, with its aquiline nose, keen, kindly, deep-set eyes, the gray white mustache, snow

white now, as was his close-cropped "Men," said he, in the firm tones they had known so long and well, "fully half but Kill Eagle, with over a hundred warriors, is right here in our front; so, too, are his women and children; so, too, worse luck, are some of our own unthing those Indians would do, were we to attack as usual, would be to murder those poor white women. This snowstorm is in our favor. We can creep right in upon them before we charge. The ponies are down in the valley to the south. Let the first line dash straight through the village and stampede the herd, then rally and return. Let the second follow at a hundred yards and surround the tepees at the eastward end-what white women are with them are there. The Indian men. as a rule, will make a dash in the dilieutenants, who came striding up through the snow. Leale was famous in the cavalry for his courtesy to subalterns. He had the reputation of never speaking hastily or harshly, and of getting more out of his men than any other captain in the regiment.

"All right, sir," was the prompt reply.
"Every man in my platoon boiling over with ginger." added the younger, his as a rule, will make a dash in the direction of the ponies. Shoot them down wherever you can, but, mark my words, now, be careful of the women and children. I had intended summoning Kill Eagle to surrender, but we did not begin to know he had so many warriors close at hand, and did not know about the captives. Bat has seen, and that is enough. There is no other way to settle it. It's the one chance of rescuing

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those poor creatures. Now keep tobounding through, but as a rule only a gether. Watch your officers' commands few opposed their passage, so sudden and signals and spare the squaws and was the shock. But then came the realization that the herds were being papooses. Be ready in two minutes." And then every man took a long breath, while the Colonel rode through driven, and that not an instant must be lost in mounting such ponies as were to say similar words to the second line. still tethered about the villages and dart-Then, returning, he placed himself just ing away in wide circle, away from the in rear of the center of the first squad-

and then he seemed to think of another "Ask Mr. Ormsby if he will ride with me," said he to the adjutant. "Now, Leale, forward at a walk. Follow. Bat. It's all level ahead of you. You'll sight the village in three or four minutes." The tall, stalwart captain touched his hat, took off his broad brim, shaking away a load of snow, and spurred out a little to the front. There, looking back to both his right and left, he gave the signal forward, and with almost a single impulse the long, dark rank of horsemen, open at the center in an interval of some half a dozen yards, without other sound than the slight rattle of accoutrements and the muffled rumble of five hundred hoofs, moved steadily forward. A moment the Colonel sat and watched them, smiled a cordial greeting to Ormsby, who, pistol in hand, came trotting over with the adjutant, then signaling to the second line, he, too, gave his horse the rein and at steady walk followed close the center of Leale's command. In his hand at the moment he held a little pocket compass and smiled as he noted the line of direction. "Almost due southeast at this in-stant," said he. "We ought to bag our

game and be well across the Mini Pusa

ren, the second line noiselessly ad-

vancing and closing up on the leaders,

with them in less than an hour.' Unconsciously the pace was quickening. Foremost of all, well out in front of the center, rode the half-breed Indian guide, bending low over his pony's neck, his black beady eyes peering ahead. Well out to the right and left were other scouts, eager and alert like Bat himself. Then, squarely in the center, on his big, powerful bay, rode Leale, commander of the foremost line. and Ormsby's soldierly heart throbbed with admiration as he marked, just before Leale was hidden from view, his spirited, confident bearing, and noted how the eyes of all the line seemed fixed on their gallant leader. And now some of the horses began to dance and tug at the bit and plunge, and others to take a jog trot, for the Indian scouts were at the lope, and their gesticulations became every moment more vehe-ment, and then Bat was seen, though visible only to the first line, to grab his revolver, and Leale's gauntleted hand almost instantly sought the holster, and out came the ready Colt, its muzzle raised in air. Out in quick and ready imitation leaped a hundred more, and instinctively the jog had changed to a lively trot, and the dull, thudding hoofs upon the snow-muffled earth rose louder and more insistent, and Ormsby, riding at the Colonel's left, gripped tighter his revolver and set his teeth, yet felt his heart was hammering loud, and then dimmer and dimmer grew the first line as it led away, and still the Colonel's firm hand kept Roderick dancing impatiently at the slower gait, and then, just as it seemed as though the line would be swallowed up in snow and disappear from view, quick and sudden two muffled shots were heard from somewhere just in front, the first syllable perhaps of some stentorian shout of warning, and then one magnificent burst of cheers and a rush of charging men, and a crash and crackle and sputter of shots, and then fierce rallying cries and piercing screams of women and of terri-fied little ones, and like some huge human wave the first line of the Twelfth rode on and over and through the startled camp, and bore like a whirl-wind, yelling, down upon the pony herds

And now comes the turn of the second line. Seeking shelter from the snow-storm, warriors, women and children storm, warriors, women and children were for the most part within the tepees as the line crashed in. Some few were with the miserable captives, but at the first sound of danger every warrior had seized his rifle and rushed for the open air. Some few, throwing themselves upon their faces, fired wild shots at the foremost troopers as they came

troops, yet concentrating again beyond them and regaining the lead. And so, where the first line met an apparently sleeping village, the second comes cheering, charging, firing, thundering through a swarming mob of yelling braves and screaming squaws. Farrar, foremost in the charge, with the civilian guardsman close at his side, shouts warning to the women even as he empties his pistol at the howling men. Close at his back come Amory and his gray troop, cheering like mad, battering over Indians too slow to jump aside and driving their hissing lead at every warrior in their path. And still the Colonel shouts, "This way," and Ormsby, Amory and the adjutant ride at his heels, and the grays especially follow his lead, and, dashing through a labyrinth of lodges, they rein up cheering about two grimy tepees at which Bat is excitedly pointing, and the ranchmen both are shouting the names of loved relatives and listening eagerly for answer; and thrilling voices within are crying, "Here! Here!" and stalwart men, springing from saddle, are rushing in, pistol in hand, and tearing aside the flimsy barriers that hide the rescued captives from the eyes of their deliverers, and the other troop, reinforced again by strong squads from Leale's rallied line, are dashing to and fro through the village, firing at the Indians who are scurrying away. Just as Amory and the adjutant charge at a little knot of scowling redskins whose rifles are blazing at them at not a dozen yards' distance, just as the good old Colonel, afoot now, is clasping the hand of some poor woman whose last hope was gone but a moment before, and even while listening to her frantic blessings, finds time to shout again to his half maddened men, "Don't hurt the women, lads. Look out for the children," a haglike, blanketed fury of a Brule squaw springs from behind the shelter of a pile of robes, levels her revolver, and, pulling trigger, at the instant leaps, screaming, away down into the creek bottom, leaving Farrar sinking slowly into the snow.

An hour later, with strong skirmish lines out on every side of the captured village, with a score of Indian warriors sent to their last account and the others scattered over the face of the earth, the little battalion of the Twelfth is wondering if, after all, the fight was worth winning, for here in their midst, his head on Leale's arm, his fading sight fixed on the tear-dimmed eyes of his faithful comrade, here lies their beloved old Colonel, his last messages murmured in the middle of a room.

The dead sea of America, or Medical lake, is situated on the Columbian plateau, in southern Washington. It is one and a half miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with a maximum depth of sixty feet, and stands at a height of 2,300 feet above the sea. Its waters have practically the same chemical composition as those of the Dead sea in Palestine.

its stern duty, goes on in pursuit—this is the news Jack Ormsby has to break to the loving, waiting, breaking hearts at Frayne.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Naturalists are still in doubt as to whether the sponge is a plant or an animal.

When the gulf stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about 70 degrees. Tobacco seeds are so minute that it is said a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground. The Congo Free-State is nearly one mil-lion square miles, or about one-third the size of the United States. With a population of hardly two and a half millions, Greece has a debt of \$164,000,-000, or about \$75 per capita. England was so called because the domi-nant tribe of Saxons who conquered it were called the "Angles," or "Engles." A sporting Boer has two racing ostriches, one of which has a stride of fourteen feet and can go twenty-two miles in the hour. Japan could, if obliged to, put 500,000 trained soldiers in the field. She probably did not employ over 160,000 in the late war.

Cant, meaning mock humility, took its name from the Rev. Andrew Cant, minister of Pitsligo, in Aberdeenshire, who,

during the time of the Covenanters, was famed for his whining and pretending

The potential militia of this country includes all males from eighteen to forty-four years, and in 1890 the number was 13,239,168. Without the express consent of his wife, no married Austrian subject can procure a passport for journeying beyond the frontier. The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal.; depth, 2,290 feet; deepest sil-ver mine at Carson City, Nev.; depth, 3,300

Geese are naturally a long-lived family, and there are several records of birds of this species attaining to sixty or seventy

Thirty-seven years ago there was not a single house where Melbourne, Australia now stands. To-day it is a city of 450,000

For the hide of a full-grown giraffe, greatly sought after in Africa for whip and sandal making, the native hunters get from

One firm in Los Angeles makes a specialty of handling cactus plants and keeps col-lectors searching the Southwest for new and rare varieties. The most densely settled State is Rhode Island, and the second Massachusetts. The former has 318.44 inhabitants to the square

mile, and the latter 278.48. A daily coffin train runs between Woking and London by the Southwestern railroad, and sometimes as many as forty distinct funeral parties travel by it at one time. A number of families from Chippewa and Eau Claire counties, Wisconsin, have se-lected a site, and are to establish a colony about one hundred miles from New Or-

The oldest company concerned with com-merce, in the strictest sense of the word, is the Hudson Bay Company, founded with a charter granted by Charles II to Prince Rupert and others in 1670.

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. This drilling apparatus, which was the invention of one John Wenstronm, is designed to make 22,000 revolutions per minute, and is used in boring sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other gems. The largest bee-hive in the world is probably that at Bee Rock, California. It is a granite bowlder, rising abruptly from the bed of a little affluent of the Arroyo Alcade, and it is seamed and scored with fissures of divers sizes. They are all inhabited by a vast population of bees and over-flow with honey.

Stoves are thought to have been used by the Romans. They were of brick, closely resembling the Dutch earthenware stoves, which gave forth heat, but concealed the fire. Antiquarians say that Roman rooms were sometimes heated by building a fire in a large iron or earthenware tube in the middle of a room.

old Colonel, his last messages murmured in that listening ear: "Leale—old friend—find—find that poor girl—my—my son robbed and ruined and deserted—and be the friend to her—you've been to meand mine. God bless—"

And this—while the regiment, obeying its stern duty, goes on in pursuit—this is the news Jack Ormsby has to break to

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